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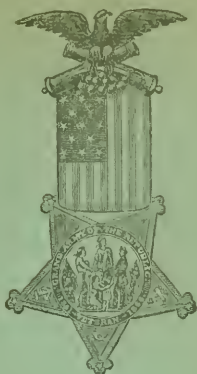
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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF

General William T. Sherman

BY

Major-General Grenville M. Dodge



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G. M. Dodge

Personal Recollections of *General William Tecumseh Sherman*

As a soldier of the Union, General Sherman, by common consent, stands second only in a galaxy of great commanders such as no single cycle in the annals of time can parallel. This is the verdict of the most superficial reader and of the most diligent student of history.

A reference to the official list of battles, skirmishes, and other contests, from April 15, 1861, to the close of the war, develops the astounding fact that for every day, including Sundays, of those four years there were at least three of these struggles. If in such a death grapple General Sherman rose to the highest rank among the victors, it cannot but be interesting to turn back to the circumstances of his parentage and scan the surroundings of his youth to find, if we can, the formative influences which moulded the plastic tendencies of his nature into the lofty and harmonious individuality which marked him out for eminent leadership.

Both his father and grandfather had been learned in the law. His father not only mastered the intricacies of Coke and Littleton, but made himself familiar with whatever was worthy of reading outside of the books of the law, and was therefore fitted to shine in the domain of general literature as well as in the realm of technical jurisprudence. It was this gifted man who, when his third son was born, proposed to bestow upon him the name of a celebrated chieftain—as if seeing the child's future military career. Judge Sherman entertained a warm admiration for the celebrated Indian chief Tecumseh. This singular Indian was gifted with rare endowments, which gave him great prominence amongst his tribal allies, and a commanding influence over his followers of the forest. Nature had made him a soldier, and he was a statesman by intuition. Farseeing in plan, wary to win, sagacious to combine, and inflexible to execute, these qualities made him a formidable leader and also a dangerous opponent. He was not habitually ruthless or cruel in his warfare; on the contrary, many acts of mercy, of generous chivalric protection, are recorded of him that would grace the annals of the knight errantry of old. It was



W. B. R. Keim

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the name of this renowned Indian that Judge Sherman bestowed upon the new-born son. Shortly after, at a social gathering in his house, Judge Sherman was remonstrated with, half in play and half in earnest, for perpetuating in his family the savage Indian name. He only replied, but it was with seriousness, "Tecumseh was a great warrior," and the affair of the name was settled, never to be changed, even as in the case of General Grant by dictum of West Point and the War Department.

A single apt remark will sometimes reveal to the experienced and observant a clearer view than will be produced by long and labored description. Such a remark General Sherman once made to a lady, and the story was narrated by her to a party of friends, since the general's death. She was, many years ago, visiting her intimate friends the family of Judge Wright, in Washington, where she frequently met General Sherman and his brother, the distinguished Senator. The Wrights and the Shermans, as she learned, had been next door neighbors in childhood, and in their childhood days both families were large. On one occasion the General, in his animated way, was describing to this young lady how the two families of children had been accustomed to constantly play with each other, there being a private gateway giving communication between the two houses. At this point the young lady jokingly remarked that she wondered that they had not sometimes got mixed up when bed-time came. "Oh," said the General, laughingly, in his quick, impulsive way, "We were mixed up all the time; there was a nightly swopping of bed-fellows, and neither mother could be always sure whether her boys were sleeping at home or at her neighbor's."

At another time the General confided to her the interesting fact that he used to enjoy stealing Dominic Wright's Sunday stock of kindling-wood, late on Saturday evening, on account of the supposed embarrassment that would result to the pious preacher on the morrow—thus giving away the secret that he had been subject to some of the weaknesses of the average boy.

Professor Howe was for many years an educator of considerable local reputation in an Iowa town. During and subsequent to the war he was in the habit of telling on all fitting occasions, with great pride, of his having been in former years the instructor of the Sherman children, in Lancaster, Ohio. They were, according to his story, very promising and very interesting pupils, on the whole, but

very obstreperous on some occasions, before he finally succeeded in getting them under control. To get to this control he found it necessary to give the brothers a sound thrashing. They resisted; the battle was fierce and protracted, but the pedagogue came out the conqueror, though himself in a sadly dilapidated condition.

After Sherman became General of the Army, a gentleman, who had heard of this story, happened to be travelling with General Sherman up the Hudson river to West Point. During a conversation with the General it occurred to him to ask the question: "General, did you ever attend the school of a certain Professor Howe?" "Sam Howe?" was the response, "Why, yes; he used to lick John and me like hell." This was regarded as confirmation of the truth of the aforesaid story. When Professor Howe died at an advanced age, a few years ago, one of his children mailed a copy of his obituary to General Sherman, which elicited this characteristic response:

HEADQUARTERS U. S. ARMY.

Washington, D. C., April 26, 1877.

Warrington Howe, Esq.:

Dear Friend: I have received your letter with the newspaper slip containing the full and just tribute to your father, the late Samuel L. Howe. I regret extremely that in my perambulations over this great country of late years I never had the chance to meet your father, which I wanted to do. And now, though forty long, eventful years have passed since I left his school at Lancaster, Ohio, I can recall his personal appearance to mind as clearly as though it were yesterday. I have always borne willing testimony to his skill and merits as a teacher, and am sure that the thorough modes of instruction in arithmetic and grammar pursued by him prepared me for easy admission to West Point, and for a respectable standing in my class. I have heard from time to time of the changes that attended his useful career, and am glad to learn that he left behind the flourishing academy at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, with children qualified to take up his work where he left it off, and carry it to completion.

I beg you will convey to your mother the assurance of my great respect and sympathy in her affliction. I recall her also to memory, a young mother, living in the house of "Pap" Boyle, close by the school house built by Mr. Howe in the old orchard, and it is hard for me to realize that she is now a widow and a grandmother. I feel sure,

however, that Mr. Howe has left behind him hundreds and thousands that revere his memory, and will perpetuate it by deeds and virtues which his example and precept suggested.

Truly your friend,

W. T. Sherman.

I have thus dwelt upon the youth and parentage of General Sherman, because, in addition to the interest which naturally attaches to that part of a great man's life, but little attention has been hitherto given to it, even in his own incomparable memoirs.

The first time I came into personal contact with General Sherman was in September, 1863. I was lying very ill at Corinth; and was Commander of that District. General Grant had ordered Sherman west from Memphis, to rebuild the road through to Decatur, with a view of aiding Rosecrans in his campaign against Bragg, or at any rate to make a demonstration upon Bragg's communications. General Sherman brought with him an open letter from General Grant to me. He came in and sat down by my bedside and read the letter, which was very complimentary to me and my command. The substance of the letter was that when General Sherman reached my command I was to take from it whatever troops could be spared, and accompany him in his movement to the East. After Sherman read the letter from Grant, he said: "Now, are you well enough to do what General Grant suggests?" I said, "Yes." He said, "All right, I will give you plenty of time, and you can bring up the rear, and I will issue the orders."

Sherman was then Commander of the Fifteenth Army Corps, that was crossing the country from Memphis to Decatur. Soon after his visit to me I received the following letter from him, which will show you his method of treating a subordinate who was to command one of his units:

HEAD QRS. 15TH ARMY CORPS.

Oct. 22d, 1863.

Gen. G. M. Dodge, Corinth.

Dear General: I thank you for the budget of news, which is most serviceable as we can approximate the truth. Of course here I am balked by Bear Creek, which is a worse place than was represented to me.

I have my three leading divisions across Bear Creek, and all hands are busy at the bridge and trestles. We have lost 8 killed and about 35 wounded, in all. Among the dead is Col. Tarence, 30th Iowa. I think it is

well established that Lee, who came from Jackson, Clinton and Canton with about 4,000 good cavalry, is to my front with Rody's brigade; and I think also that Wheeler's cavalry has been driven out of Tennessee, and it is now resting between here and Decatur.

If all of this cavalry turns on me, I will have a nice time, but can't help it. And if Porter gets me up some boats to Eastport I will checkmate them. The Tennessee is in very fair boating order for four feet, and I expect daily a boat up from Cairo, also a ferry boat. I have had the river examined well, and am more than satisfied we cannot ford, even on the shoals.

Of course I don't believe the report you sent of the capture of Banks and 15 regiments. Dick Taylor was somewhere west of the river, between Alexander and Shreveport. That is ground familiar to me, and I know Dick Taylor cannot get to the east side of the Mississippi with anything like an army. After the capture of Vicksburg we relaxed our efforts and subsided. The secesh, on the contrary, increased theirs amazingly. The rascals display an energy worthy a better cause, bad as it is, but when they come to the finish they don't fight equal to their numbers. Chalmers' dispatch is a sample. He captured the camp of the 7th Ills., off on Hatch's expedition, and nothing else of moment. But he may again attempt the road, yet Hurlbut has plenty to checkmate him if he don't attempt to follow, but anticipates and interposes the R. R. and Tallahatchee.

I propose to finish the bridge and move on Tuscumbia, but in the end may actually cross to Eastport. My orders are fully comprehended in their drawing from Rosecrans the cavalry that have heretofore bothered him.

I had a regiment at Eastport. A party crossed over who saw no one, but hear the river was patrolled so as to report all movements. I will fortify this place somewhat, so that if the enemy's cavalry attempt to operate against it they will catch more than they bargain for. Corinth is too formidable a place for them to dream of an attack, but you should keep a couple of regiments disposable to take the offensive.

I am obliged to you for all information, and will impart all positive information to you. Keep me well advised from day to day of Fuller's approach. I have one brigade at Burnsville, two here, and three divisions front of Bear Creek.

Yours,

W. T. Sherman, Maj. Genl.

It was about October 24, 1863, that Sherman was given command of the Army of the Tennessee, and it was the next day I received this order:

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF THE TENNESSEE.

Oct. 25, 1863.

General Dodge, Corinth.

I wish you to prepare to make up the best possible division of troops to be taken from those now in your own division and such others as on railroad guard duty, not belonging to any of the organized brigades of Hurlbut's corps. You to command it and to accompany the movement up the valley of the Tennessee. Our object is to secure absolute footing up the valley of the Tennessee and the river, giving us a certain supply to Eastport now, and Florence very soon. We can risk the railroad, or use it as long as we can. Is your health equal to it? Come up and see me on the subject.

Yours,

W. T. Sherman, Maj. Genl.

I got on a locomotive, taking a doctor with me, and visited Sherman. On the 27th of October, Sherman received Grant's dispatch to drop all railway repairs east of Iuka and move as rapidly as possible to Chattanooga. The plans were then formed for crossing the Tennessee, and I was able from my knowledge of the country to aid him in putting his army across.

You all know the history of that rapid march to Chattanooga. I do not propose to go into it in detail. I drew from my commands troops for two divisions, and Sherman organized them immediately into a corps command. As we marched along he was in the habit of writing back personal letters to each of us who commanded a unit, and telling us where he thought we would find the best means of feeding our commands, because we were living off the country, only transporting sugar, coffee and bacon.

When he got into Elk River county with the Fifteenth Army Corps, he wrote me back a note saying, "The Fifteenth Army Corps has cleaned up everything as they went along; you had better not follow them; I do not think you will find a chicken in their trail, and my advice is to push further north, say towards Pulaski or Columbia, and let me know what route you take." I changed the direction of my column towards Columbia as he had suggested and reported my movements.

While on this march I received the following letter:

HEAD QRS. ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

Bridgeport, Nov. 18th, 1863.

Dear General: Your letter enclosing copy of your order is received. I heartily approve your order, and think it right to make citizens earn good treatment. They can suppress guerrillas—I know it, and on my threat at Florence they brought in a man captured by guerillas at Gravelly Springs. Keep your infantry so that you can concentrate, and let your cavalry watch well down to the mouth of the Elk on both sides. Don't let the enemy draw any supplies from north of the Tennessee.

I have been up to Chattanooga. Their poor mules and horses tell the tale of horrid roads and no forage. I hate to put ours up in that mountain gorge. The two divisions have gone forward and two more follow tomorrow. I go to Chattanooga tomorrow, and think many days cannot elapse before we bring on a fight. It is intended to act quick as Longstreet has gone up to East Tennessee.

General Grant says that everything has been done to push the work on the Nashville and Decatur road, but work on the railroad moves slow. Write me fully and frequently, and send me all the statistical information that I may stow it away for the future. Your sketch of your route shows Pulaski a good place from which to operate. I will try and get some more cavalry from the north."

I was greatly disappointed on receiving this letter, and a letter which he enclosed me from General Grant, telling me to rebuild the roads in Central Tennessee. I answered General Sherman from Pulaski on the 23d. The first sentence of my letter let him know how disappointed I was; it was as follows: "I am in receipt of your letter of Nov. 18th written at Bridgeport, and if a fight comes off at Chattanooga and we are not in it, we will be sadly disappointed, but take it for granted it is for the best."

After the battle of Chattanooga, I received the following message: "We are all right. We defeated Bragg on Missionary Ridge and our troops are pursuing. I start at once for the head of my column. Keep your troops well in hand, and I hope soon to come to you, and we will then make all right south and west of Decatur."

After the Chattanooga campaign Sherman marched to Knoxville. As soon as Longstreet knew he was en route, he left. Sherman brought back the Army of the Tennessee and scattered it from Columbia along the line of the Nashville and Decatur road, and from Athens to Bridge-

port along the line of the Memphis and Charleston road, with directions to fit up our command ready for a spring campaign; remount our cavalry, replenish our teams; in fact gave us carte blanche to do everything necessary to put our commands in good condition for the campaign Grant had in view.

While we were lying there carrying out these orders and I was rebuilding the railroads, Sherman took McPherson and, with a portion of their staff, went to Vicksburg and with the troops there made the campaign to Meridian, December 12, 1863, leaving Logan and myself in the Department of the Cumberland, without a commander, to take care of ourselves, and to do the best we could; and it was while we were lying there, during that winter, that differences occurred between Logan and Thomas, which prevented the appointment of Logan to the command of the Army of the Tennessee upon the death of McPherson. It all arose from simple annoyances; Logan being of an authoritative disposition, and having been with a little army that held its way and was omnipotent where it stood, could not understand why he could not send one of his own soldiers or officers over the railroads in another General's department with his own pass, without applying to General Thomas' staff for transportation. This brought on a conflict between Thomas and Logan, at first no bigger than your hand, but finally growing into a matter of considerable moment. When Generals Sherman and McPherson returned from their Meridian raid, March 17, 1864, Sherman was appealed to by both of these officers, and, desiring peace, used all his ingenuity to soften matters and satisfy Logan and Thomas; but neither really forgave the other for the differences that then occurred.

My troops having been distributed from Columbia to Decatur rebuilding that road, living off the country, no doubt committed depredations, and were often reported to Thomas as a lot of ruffians, and a great many questions arose between the commanders in his department. I was busy rebuilding the railroad and did not give them attention. These complaints reached General Thomas, who forwarded them to Grant, and General Grant put a characteristic endorsement upon the complaints, which were very severe, upholding my troops as they had been for three months living off the country, as we had neither rail or water communication.

It was while lying here that Grant was ordered to Washington, and in March, 1864, on Sherman's return from the Meridian campaign, the Corps Commanders, with General Rawlins and one or two others, among them General Sheridan, were ordered to Nashville, where we met Generals Grant and Sherman. Sherman's first suggestion was that we should go to the theater. We were all dressed in our rough, campaigning clothes, in fact we had nothing else with us, as we had not been able to get any supplies since we left the Mississippi. That night we went to the theater, paid our way in, and obtained seats in the front row in the balcony. The play of "Hamlet" was upon the boards. You all know what a fine Shakespearean critic Sherman was. The play was simply being butchered—to the great amusement of a theater full of soldiers, who were either coming from leave of absence or going upon one. No one in the audience seemed to recognize us, and we sat there quite a while. Sherman, who was sitting next to me, talked so loudly about the play that everybody could hear him. He said: "Dodge, that is no way to play Hamlet!" and he went on so excitedly that I said to him two or three times "General, don't talk so loud, some of the boys will discover us, and there will be a scene." But he was so indignant at the butchery of the play that he could not keep still. During the grave-diggers' scene, where Hamlet picks up the skull of Yorick and soliloquizes upon it, a soldier in the back part of the audience rose up and halloed out at the top of his voice, "Say, pard, what is it, Yank or Reb?" Of course, the whole house came down, and Grant said, "We had better get out of here." We left, and no one knew that the two great soldiers of the age had been there listening.

Within a day or two we were sent back to our commands. Grant was desirous of taking some of the officers, who had served with him in the west, to the eastern army. Sherman protested, desiring to have his army left intact, but Sheridan was finally selected and taken, against his protest, all the rest being left. Sherman went with Grant as far east as Cincinnati. During the reunion of the Army of the Tennessee at Cincinnati, in 1889, at the banquet in the Burnett House, Sherman pointed out to me the room where Grant and he sat down with their maps and came to their agreement as to the general movement that was to be made in Grant's campaign in May, 1864, which was to close the war. The agreement, as Sherman stated it to me, was for each to take care of the enemy in his part

of the country, and Grant was to move all of the armies at once. Both agreed that they would each hold the enemy in their front; that although the rebels had the interior lines it would be the duty of each to prevent the movement of any of the enemy's forces from the front of one to the other; and we all know how well they accomplished their purpose.

Grant said, to Sherman, "If Lee sends any of his troops to your front, I will send you as many men as he sends Johnston," and during the campaign Sherman often said "We must press Johnston so that under no circumstances can they detach a corps or any part of their command to reinforce Lee."

After the battle of Chattanooga the government had been issuing and selling rations to the citizens of Tennessee. When General Sherman prepared for his Atlanta campaign he knew that its success depended upon his ability to feed his men and animals, and he, therefore, issued Order No. 8, stopping this issue to citizens. In a few days he received this dispatch from President Lincoln, dated May 4, 1864:

"I have an imploring appeal from the citizens, who say your Order No. 8 will compel them to go north to Nashville. This is in no sense an order, nor is it even a request that you will do anything which in the least shall be a drawback upon your military operations, but anything you can do consistently with the appeals of these suffering people I should be glad of."

On May 5th General Sherman sent an answer characteristic of the man and General:
A. Lincoln, President.

We have worked hard with the best talent of the country, and it is demonstrated that the railroad cannot supply the army and the people too; one of them must quit, and the army does not intend to unless Joe Johnston makes us. The issues to citizens have been enormous, and the same weight of corn and oats would have saved thousands of mules whose carcasses now corduroy the roads, and which we need so much in war. I will not change my order, and I beg of you to be satisfied that the clamor is partly humbug and for effect. I advise you to tell the bearers of the appeal to hurry to Kentucky and make up a column of cattle and wagons and go over the mountains on foot by Cumberland Gap and Somerset to relieve their suffering friends, as they used to before the railroad was built. Tell them they have no time to lose. We can re-

lieve all actual suffering by each company and regiment giving their savings. Every man who is willing to fight and work gets a full ration, and all who will not fight and work we offer them free passage in the cars."

In April, 1864, the first intimations were sent, confidentially, to the corps commanders for the concentration of our forces and the movement of our troops. During my command in Middle Tennessee I had raised several regiments of colored troops, with General Sherman's approval, although he was criticised very severely for taking no colored troops with him. His answer to me on that criticism was: "I propose to leave the colored troops to occupy our lines of communication where they can have the protection of entrenchments, and a chance to drill; and I do not propose in this campaign that the rebels shall say that it was necessary for me to whip them, to take part of their niggers to do it."

So, in April, when he sent his orders, I wrote him that I proposed to take every white soldier on my line with me, and he, without answering my letter, sent me an order to go forward with my forces, but to leave one white brigade (naming its commander) at Decatur; and in pursuance to these commands I commenced marching towards Chattanooga. When I was about half way there I received a note from General McPherson telling me to put my forces upon the cars and with my ammunition reach Chattanooga before the 5th of May, leaving my trains to follow by wagon road. We arrived there on the morning of the 5th without tents or rations, and I immediately repaired to General Sherman's headquarters, where we found our army commander, General McPherson, waiting for us. I remember that at the breakfast table at the hotel I was greatly surprised to find the knives and forks chained to the table, and concluded that the reputation of Sherman's bummers had preceded us.

Sherman had evidently had a consultation with the army commanders before I arrived, because he said to McPherson: "I think I had better read Dodge these dispatches," and then he sat down and read those celebrated dispatches that passed between Grant and himself from May 1st to 5th, which you have all seen published. When he had finished he said "Now, Dodge, you see what you have to do. Where are your troops?" I said: "They are unloading." He said to McPherson: "I think you had better send Dodge to take Ship's Gap tonight." McPherson said: "Why General, that is thirty miles away." Sher-

man said: "No matter, let him try it." I asked for a guide, and McPherson said if they could find one they would send him to me. Sherman gave me a map with the road and gap, known as Ship's Gap, in the first range of mountains, marked, that I was to capture, and that night about midnight General Sprague, commanding a brigade of Veatch's division of the 16th army corps, reached the summit of the gap, and made the first opening through that range of mountains. This enabled us to pass through Snake Creek Gap before the enemy discovered the movement to their rear. To my own surprise and to the surprise of everybody else, we pushed through that long narrow gorge before midnight of the 8th, one day ahead of the time fixed, where one regiment of cavalry properly posted could have held us and forced a battle. Johnston's troops did not attack us until the morning of the 9th, so that the first plans of Sherman, as he has said to me, were so successful and so satisfactory that he thought the Army of the Tennessee should have planted itself across the railroad near Resaca in the rear of Johnston, which would have forced him to abandon his trains and fight us, or make a long detour to the east. That question has been fought over in the papers, and by the different officers, but Sherman, up to the time of his death, always felt and claimed that if the fifteen thousand men we had with us had been planted and intrenched squarely in front of Resaca it would have broken up Johnston's army.

I was too young an officer then to discuss these matters, but simply obeyed my orders, and I do not propose at this day to criticise the actions of General McPherson, or to pass judgment upon the opinion of Sherman, because it can do no good. There is no question that there was never a braver or more loved and trusted General in our army than McPherson, and if he made a mistake, there is no person in or out of the army that does not know that he made it in the interest of what he considered to be his duty; and I claim that no one can now criticise him for it, for Sherman after it was all over, never did. Our rapid movement surprised Johnston, and accomplished the principal object of the movement to his rear, forcing him out of his impregnable position at Dalton, and driving him south of the Ostanaula river.

During the march from Chattanooga to Atlanta we were very short of all kinds of provisions, canned fruits, vegetables, etc. We lived off bread, beans and bacon. I had been suffering during the whole of the campaign,

was run down a good deal physically, and I thought if I could get a change of food it would help keep me up. I went over to General Sherman's headquarters and asked him to allow me to send by Lieutenant Bailey (who had been detailed from my command in charge of the mails running from Nashville to the fronts), to bring me down some dried fruits and vegetables. I told Sherman that I was running down; that I had a very bad wound in the side, and it seemed impossible to keep it from sapping away my strength. Sherman looked at me and said: "Dodge, all you want is some good whiskey," and took me to his tent. Good or bad whiskey just then was entirely different to me from what it is now, but, of course, I submitted. I urged my necessities upon the General, but he said it was impossible to allow me to bring forward anything; that if he did it for one he would have to do it for others; and I went away a good deal disappointed, which Sherman saw. There was no way to get anything without his permission. It was not more than a day or so after that that Colonel Dayton, his Adjutant, happened to be at my headquarters, and asked one of the staff officers if I had sent to Nashville for anything. The staff officer informed him that I had applied and could not get permission, and that under the circumstances I would not send. Dayton told the staff officer if they could get it through by Bailey to do so, that General Sherman, he knew, would not object, but, says he, "You don't want to say anything to Dodge," and the first thing I knew there came to my headquarters a box of supplies. It was a long time afterwards before I knew how they had been brought there. It is the only case in my experience where Sherman relaxed one of his orders.

The history of the Atlanta campaign has been written; nothing I can say about it can add to or take from it. It is the unwritten instances that I propose to talk about. I had a corps command all the way from Corinth, Miss., to Marietta, Ga., with only the rank of a Brigadier General. Probably there was never a greater effort made by Grant and Sherman to give me a rank suitable to my command, and avoid unpleasant complications, and as we marched down to Kenesaw, I was in command of that portion in the field of the 16th army corps of the Army of the Tennessee, with officers of much higher rank holding lesser commands. This brought upon me many remarks that my staff would hear and repeat to me, and was annoying and made me uncomfortable. I sat down and wrote to

General Sherman explaining to him fully that these criticisms had come to me, and that they made me feel very uncomfortable, that my staff were always talking about it; rumor stating that this officer and that officer was going to relieve me, and I said to Sherman that I thought he had better give me a command fitted to my rank, and relieve me and him. He put this endorsement upon the paper: "Suppose you wait until some one that has a right to complain does so; and go ahead and do your duty, and not trouble yourself about others' business. W. T. Sherman." He did not even sign it officially. He never referred to it during the war, but afterwards poked a good deal of fun at me for my foolish action. He soon after sent me a telegraphic dispatch that came from the President telling him that he had relieved him from his difficulties about Dodge. My commission reached me, and I donned my two stars.

Sherman always sustained his officers who assumed great authority in an emergency, although they might be wrong. As an instance I give you the following:

Before General Sherman crossed the Chattahoochee for his attack upon Atlanta, his army was stretched from Soap Creek to Sandtown Ferry, facing the river. My corps, the 16th, was upon the extreme right, and I thought the crossing was to be by the right flank as it was so much nearer to Atlanta, and my orders were to sieze all ferry boats and other means of crossing. General Sherman came to my headquarters, took out his map, and asked how long it would take me to construct a bridge across the river at Roswell some forty miles away beyond our extreme left, telling me it was rock bottom and could be forded, and that there was a road bridge at that point which the Confederates had destroyed. I supposed I would have to go into the woods and cut the timber, and told him it would require at least a week. He had not been gone more than an hour when I received orders from General McPherson to move to Roswell, and that General Sherman would communicate directly with me. The march was a hot, dusty one, in the rear of the army, but I did not halt, except for our meals, and an occasional hour's rest. I received at Marietta a dispatch from Sherman urging me to get there as soon as possible.

On arriving, I immediately put a brigade across the river, and it was as fine a sight as I ever saw when Fuller's Ohio brigade, in line of battle, forded the river. The enemy's cavalry held the other side. As they moved

across, holding their guns and cartridge boxes high above their heads, the bands of the corps struck up lively tunes. The rebels poured in a heavy fire, but it was too high. Now and then a boy would step into a hole and disappear for a moment, but all got across and immediately sought shelter under the steep-cut bank, where Fuller reformed and made his charge, clearing out the enemy in short order, and built a strong tete de pont.

Roswell had cotton and woolen factories that had been running up to the time that General Garrard's cavalry captured them, and burned most of the factories. The operatives were mostly women, and these Garrard moved to Marietta by detaching a regiment of cavalry, each member of which took one of the operatives on his horse, and in this way they were all taken into Marietta, and were sent north by Sherman. Over the proprietor's house was flying a French flag. I saw immediately that if I utilized the balance of the buildings I could erect the bridge in half the time, and instructed Captain Armstrong, who had charge of the 1,500 men detailed to build the bridge, to tear down the buildings which were left from Garrard's fire, and utilize them. The next morning some of my officers who were better lawyers than I was, told me that the proprietor was making a strong protest, and that I was liable to get into trouble on account of violation of international law. Although I was using the material, I thought it best to write General Sherman a letter stating what I had done, and what the claims were, at the same time notifying him that by using this material I would have the bridge completed by Wednesday. I arrived there by noon on Monday, the 10th of July. Sherman answered in the following characteristic letter:

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE
MISSISSIPPI.

In the Field near Chattahoochee River, July 11, 1864.
General Dodge, Roswell, Ga.

I know you have a big job, but that is nothing new for you. Tell General Newton that his corps is now up near General Schofield's crossing, and all is quiet thereabout. He might send down and move his camps to proximity of his corps, but I think Roswell and Shallow Ford so important that I prefer him to be near you until you are well fortified. If he needs rations tell him to get his wagons up, and I think you will be able to spare him day after tomorrow. I know the bridge at Roswell is important, and you may destroy all Georgia to make it good and strong. W. T. Sherman, Major-General Commanding.

You will perceive it is very diplomatic; he says nothing in relation to international law, or the French flag, but ends his letter by telling me that I may destroy all Georgia to accomplish what I am sent to do. Of course I read between the lines, and paid no further attention to the French flag. After the war great claims were made, and we were censured by the Government, which I have no doubt paid roundly for the factories.

On July 12, just three days after I arrived there, I notified General Sherman that the bridge was completed, and the army commenced crossing on the final movement to Atlanta. Sherman was greatly surprised, as it had been represented to him by officers he had sent there that it would require a much longer time to erect the bridge.

My official report read as follows:

"A foot bridge 710 feet long was thrown across the river, and from Monday noon, July 10, until Wednesday night, July 12, a good, substantial, double track, trestle road bridge, 710 feet long and 14 feet high, was built by the pioneer corps from the command."

As the 15th, Logan's corps, was crossing the bridge, there came up a terrific thunder storm, and several of the men were knocked down while on the bridge, and a bolt struck in the midst of Murray's regular battery of the 16th corps, which was holding the bridge head across the river, killing and wounding several men. Naturally the superstition of the soldiers was aroused and all kinds of misfortunes were predicted, and sure enough in the next engagement on the 22d of July, at the battle of Atlanta, the battery was captured while going from Blair's front to mine by the same skirmish line of Cleburne's division that killed General McPherson on the road leading from my right to Blair's left. In fact, he fell right at the foot of one of the guns that had been captured.

The moment our army crossed the bridge our movement upon Atlanta commenced. It was the 19th or 20th of July when one of the scouts, a boy of the 2nd Iowa Infantry, who had been sent into the enemy's lines a long time before, came out to my lines and brought the morning paper and the news of the change of commanders from General Johnston to General Hood. I took him over to the road upon which Sherman was marching. He was with General Schofield's column. Sherman and Schofield, and someone else, whom I cannot remember, discussed the news, and I remember distinctly Schofield giving his opinion of Hood—that it meant fight. While I stood there

listening and watching, General Sherman sat down upon a stump and issued his orders that concentrated his armies and brought McPherson from Stone Mountain, some twenty miles away, and closed us all in on Thomas, showing he fully comprehended the situation. Soon after, Hood with his army attacked Thomas, intending to double him up from right to left, knowing how greatly extended Sherman's forces were. After the battle of the 20th we closed in around Atlanta. The concentration of the lines threw the 16th army corps in reserve, and a brigade of it was sent to the left of the army and encamped behind the 17th corps, and another brigade, Sprague's, was left at Decatur to protect the trains. That night there was a belief that Hood would evacuate Atlanta; in the morning it was reported that he had done so, in fact I received from the extreme left where one of my brigades lay, reports to that effect from General Fuller. Later in the morning McPherson came to see me, as he was in the habit of doing; if there was any movement on hand he would come and tell us what he expected, and if not, he would have a kind, encouraging word for us, or a compliment for what had been done the day before. He was a man who issued very few orders on the field, and in this respect he was a good deal like Grant, who pointed out what was to be done, and expected you as commander to do it, without entering into details, but left us at liberty to do whatever was considered best in the changes of the fight or the movements of the troops, expecting us to accomplish what he had told us was his objective point. McPherson was the same way, and when a movement was on hand, or when the army lay in front of the enemy, McPherson was in the habit of coming around, sitting down, talking matters over, and finally getting up to the point without giving an order, simply giving us the benefit of his great experience. I know he came to me in this way frequently, because I was a young officer and likely, perhaps, to go wrong quicker than those who were veterans in the service. McPherson that morning came to my headquarters and ordered me to move out to the left of Blair's 17th army corps, and when they moved to their new position that he was that day intrenching, I was to join him and stretch as far to the left as possible, and if I saw a chance was to grab and hold the Macon road. It seems Sherman had intended to use my corps for a different purpose, and had ordered McPherson to assign the 16th corps to the

breaking up of the railroads east towards and beyond Decatur, but this order I did not know **anything about**, nor did it reach me. McPherson received the orders after giving me my orders, and did not send them to me, and it was while pursuing McPherson's order to move to the left that at 12 o'clock on the 22d nearly all of Hood's army got to our rear and made that terrific attack upon us, and after fighting from noon until midnight was defeated at all points. There is probably nothing in all Sherman's military career that he criticised more severely to himself and to his confidential friends than the fact that when this great battle was going on at the left, where thousands of men were being mowed down, where the roar of musketry lasted from twelve at noon until midnight, he did not force the Army of the Cumberland and Ohio, over 50,000 strong, which stood intact that day, not firing a gun, into Atlanta and take it, for there was nothing in Atlanta except Georgia militia and teamsters. Sherman's statement is that he requested General Thomas to attack Atlanta, and if possible go into it. He told him a great battle was going on to the left, because it is well known to every one in an army that one wing, when the wind is in the opposite direction, may fight a great battle, while the other wing miles away could only know of it by rumor. Thomas felt the enemy, and seeing the works held by the militia, answered that Hood's army was in Atlanta, that the works were fully manned, and it was not possible for it to be successfully attacked in his front. So all day long that little Army of the Tennessee, that was never known to give back one inch, fought and struggled and held its own against double its numbers, thinking and believing that morning would show Atlanta as theirs, for they knew that the whole of Hood's army was upon them.

At 2 o'clock in the day McPherson fell. I had no knowledge of his death, although he was killed near my line, until I received word from General Fuller whom I had instructed to change front to his right and clean out the enemy between him and the 17th corps, that he had captured the skirmish line of the enemy and taken from them General McPherson's field glasses and orders of Sherman to McPherson, and he felt that something had happened to McPherson. The first news I received was that McPherson had been wounded, not killed, and it was 4 o'clock in the afternoon when Logan came to me asking for help to retake the line on the Augusta road, where the enemy had

broken through and captured DeGraw's battery; I gave him Mersey's brigade, but even then he did not tell me he was in command of the army. He came to me as we were in the habit of doing, Logan, Blair and myself, when one was hard pushed and the other was not, we sent troops without orders where they were most needed.

After the day's fight was over, and at ten o'clock at night, Logan called Blair and myself to meet him, Logan then being in command of the army; we met in the rear of the 16th corps, under an oak tree on the line of the Augusta railroad, and discussed the results of the day. The fighting on Blair's right and Logan's left at Bald Hill was still progressing. We only knew then that we had held the enemy, and did not know how much we had punished them.

Blair's men were in the trenches in some places on his front, the enemy held one side and he the other. The men of the 15th corps were still in their own line, tired and hungry, but those of the 16th corps after their hard day's work were busy throwing up intrenchments on the field they had held and won. At Logan's request I sent Mersey's brigade, which was in bivouac near us, to go in and relieve Blair's men at the critical point on Bald Hill.

Logan and Blair thought that the Army of the Cumberland or the Army of the Ohio should send a portion of the forces and relieve some of our exhausted men, and I was sent to see Sherman. My recollection now is that I met him in a tent, though it is said officially that he had his headquarters at the Howard House. When I met him he seemed surprised to see me, but greeted me cordially and spoke of the great loss of McPherson. I stated to him my errand. He turned upon me and said: "Dodge, you whipped them today, didn't you?" I said: "Yes, sir." Then he said: "Can't you do it again tomorrow?" and I said, "Yes, sir." I bade him good night and went back to my command, resolving never again to be sent on such an errand. Sherman explained to me afterwards that he knew what orders he had given to press Atlanta, and hold the forces in the intrenchments surrounding it, and he wanted it said that the little Army of the Tennessee had fought the great battle without any help, and he knew from the punishment the rebel army had received that Hood would not dare to attack us in the morning.

There is no doubt but that, when I saw Sherman that night, he had ascertained the facts from the reports of the different commanders that Atlanta was without an organ-

ized force, and that rather than reinforce the little Army of the Tennessee, he wished to impress the fact that he was responsible for not taking Atlanta, and did not propose to relieve himself of any criticisms. He has since said to us in his own quiet way, that he thought we ought to have taken Atlanta that day, but I have never heard him make any criticism, or make any claim that any officer was to blame for not doing it, except himself; while they who watched and were a part of that great battle seemed to think that Thomas with 50,000 veterans ought to have poured into Atlanta, while McPherson and Logan with only 20,000 men met and defeated one of the best planned and best executed attacks to the left, rear and front, made in the campaign.

General Schofield, who commanded the Army of the Ohio, who was with General Sherman at the time of the attack of Stewart's corps along the Augusta road, suggested to Sherman to throw his corps behind and on the flank of Stewart, thus breaking Stewart's communication with the intrenchments of Atlanta, but Sherman for some reason did not approve it.

After the battle of the 22d we swung from the left to the right, and it fell to my lot to hold the lines while the rest of the army drew out. I heard of the change of command of the Army of the Tennessee from General Logan to General Howard. I did not know the reasons, but felt that the little army that had served under Grant, Sherman, McPherson and Logan, and had fought a battle all day, part of the time by itself, without a commander, and had whipped the whole of Hood's army, had certainly left in it material enough to command itself. I had never met General Howard, and while I knew him to be an experienced and good soldier, it made no difference in my feelings; and I think after Howard commanded that army and placed it in battle, felt its pulse and saw what it was, he would have felt just as we did. On the march from the left to the extreme right I saw General Sherman at a log house. General Logan was sitting on the porch; he hardly recognized me as I walked in, and I saw a great change in him. I asked General Sherman what the change in commanders meant, why Logan was not left in command. As everyone knows, Logan's independence and criticisms in the army were very severe, but they all knew what he was in a fight, and whenever we sent to Logan for aid he would not only send his forces, but come himself; so, as Blair said, we only knew Logan as we saw him in battle.

Logan could hear every word that was said between Sherman and myself. Sherman did not feel at liberty to say anything in explanation of this change. He simply put me off very firmly but as nicely as he could, and spoke highly of General Howard, who had been given the command. I went away from the place without any satisfaction, and when I met Logan on the outside I expressed to him my regrets, and I said to him: "There is something here that none of us understand," and he said: "It makes no difference; it will all come right in the end." The first meeting I had with General Howard was on that morning, and I wish to say that while I remained with him and ever since the war, there has been no one that was kinder to me, or who has said kinder things. I am sorry it was not my fortune to have been able to follow him through to Washington.

During the battles around Atlanta, and after we had gone from the left to the right, it was my misfortune to be given a Confederate leave. I was supposed to be fatally wounded. The doctor reported to Sherman, and he, desiring to keep the news from my family, instructed every telegraph operator to send only his dispatches, but in doing this he forgot that there was nothing that could occur but what went over the wires immediately. So the news reached my people that I had been fatally wounded. Dispatches came to my staff, trying to obtain the facts, but they could not reply because of Sherman's orders. In talking about it afterwards he said: "I acted from my instincts. I simply wished to send the truth, but I only succeeded in making trouble, and that has always happened to me when I tried to be extra cautious; I always put my foot in it; some smart Aleck gets ahead of me."

As soon as Sherman heard I was wounded he came to my tent with Dr. Kidd, his chief surgeon, and found a surgeon of my own corps in charge of me. As soon as the shock of the wound passed away I gradually became conscious as to hearing, but not as to seeing, and the first words I heard were when Sherman turned on Dr. Kidd and said: "Kidd, Dodge is not going to die. See, he is coming to all right." You can imagine what my feelings were on hearing talk of that kind from Sherman. I recognized his voice, and also the fact that probably I was badly hurt. The doctors advised Sherman to send me North, but Sherman said: "No, we can keep Dodge two weeks, and then he will be all right; we want him with his corps." I considered the fact that he would not let me

go to the rear until he was forced to swing around south of Atlanta, and abandon everything to the north, one of the greatest compliments he ever paid me.

I was taken to Greenville, Ind., to a relative, for a rest before I was sent to my own home in Iowa. The first or second evening after I arrived in Greenville, as I lay upon my cot, I listened to the demonstrations being made by the return of the delegates who had been to Chicago and nominated McClellan. I was astonished and indignant to hear cheer after cheer given at the station for Jefferson Davis. I could hardly realize that I was in a northern state, not having been North before since the beginning of the war. I now realized what was meant by the term "Copperhead" and "Fire in the Rear." As soon as I was able, I sat down and wrote this to Sherman. It was some time afterwards when I received his answer, which is too characteristic to publish, but it said "We will settle with those fellows after we get through down here."

It was on the first of September that I parted with the Army of the Tennessee. During my convalescence I visited General Grant and that magnificent Army of the Potomac at City Point. As soon as able, I had orders to proceed to Vicksburg, and it was the intention while Sherman marched to Savannah that I should take a column from somewhere in that country and get to the rear of Mobile, but at Cairo I received dispatches from General Grant to repair to St. Louis, and there I fell to the command of the Department of the Missouri, relieving General Rosecrans. The first order I received came from Stanton; it was a complimentary message from Grant, telling me I must send everything I could to help Thomas at Nashville, and I sent out of that Department every organized force. When the battle of Nashville was fought I had not an organized regiment in my Department.

I found General Sherman's family in St. Louis, and, naturally, coming from an old commander like him, it was my pleasure to do anything and everything I could for his family. Mrs. Sherman was trying to soften the hardships of war by getting people out of prison, and by relieving their necessities. There had been a great many arrests made. I found the prisons full and commenced emptying them, with the idea that it was a great deal cheaper to let these people talk than to feed them, but I got one or two severe reprimands for so doing. I know that Mrs. Sherman wrote to the General and told him what I was doing, and how kind I was to her, and how I

carried out any requests she made so far as it was possible for me to do so; and Sherman, still looking after my interests as he had ayways done, wrote me a letter and said: "You must not issue these orders and release these people simply because Mrs. Sherman requests you to do so. You must use your own judgment in this matter, and only issue orders where you know it is absolutely right." He said it in a kindly way, and he said a great many other things in his letter to me about my policy. He also said: "I appreciate fully what you are doing, and why you do it, but, my dear General, you know you must still cling to a soldier's duty."

While I was in command of that Department Lee and Johnston surrendered. I had received an order from Secretary Stanton instructing me to pay no attention to the Sherman and Johnston parole. During this excitement a dinner was given at the Lindell Hotel that brought together the loyal people of St. Louis, to which I was invited as commander of that Department. I was astonished to hear Union people get up and denounce Sherman, criticizing not only his acts but his motives. I listened as long as I could to these excitable speakers, and finally got up and stated that I had served near and under Sherman for two years, and while I knew nothing at all about the terms of surrender of Johnston except the orders I had received from the Government—nevertheless I did not propose to sit at any dinner table, or any assembly of any kind, where the loyalty of Sherman was questioned; that whatever he had done, whether right or wrong, had been done by a soldier who had but one thing at heart, his duty to his country and the destruction of the rebel army. It was not very long after this before my words reached Sherman. They brought back the kind of response that he made in such cases; and it was only a short time after this until Sherman himself appeared at his home in St. Louis, the war being virtually over, and being an old resident of that city, it was natural when he arrived that the people should seize upon him and pay him great attention, take him out to dinners, etc. A great many of his old friends were rebels, and I suppose they saw in his terms to Johnston an opportunity to break the force of the Union sentiment against them, for there was no place in the whole United States where the bitterness of the Union and Rebel sentiment was so apparent as it was in the State of Missouri. It kept the State in dissensions during the entire war. The attentions of the sympathizers

with the rebellion to Sherman were very marked, so much so that some of the Union people called upon me and talked to me about it, and when Sherman came down to my headquarters, as he did daily, I spoke to him about it, and told him how they were talking and how they felt. He said: "They are going to give me a dinner here in a few days, and General, don't you worry, I will settle that question there." He made a remarkable speech at that dinner. He said that since the war was over he did not feel that it was necessary for him to refuse any attentions, no matter from whom they came, but when it came to the question between loyal men and rebels every one knew where his heart was, and everyone knew what his thoughts were; that it was only the clemency of the government saved them from receiving their just dues long before this time. We never heard any more in that country as to Sherman's position, and no one after that misunderstood him. At this banquet given in his honor at the Lindell Hotel, St. Louis, July 20, 1865, Sherman in the course of his speech said: "You cannot attain great success in war without great risks. I admit we violated many of the old established rules of war by cutting loose from our base and exposing sixty thousand lives, but when a thing has got to be done it has got to be done. I had faith in the army I commanded; that faith was well founded. But there was the old story exemplified. We had the elephant, and it troubled us to know what to do with that elephant, and again we had to put our wits together and we concluded to kill the elephant. We did not like to do it. I come now to a piece of military history which has been more discussed than any other. I contended at first, when we took Vicksburg, that we had gained a point which the Southern Confederacy, as belligerents—so recognized by ourselves and the world—were bound to regard. That when we took Vicksburg, by all the rules of civilized warfare they should have surrendered and allowed us to restore Federal power in the land. But they did not. I claim also that when we took Atlanta, they were bound by every rule of civilized warfare to surrender their cause. It was then hopeless, and it was clear to me as daylight that they were bound to surrender and return to civil life. But they continued the war, and then I had a right under the rules of civilized warfare to commence a system that would make them feel the power of the Government, and cause them to succumb to our national authority. I have again and again proffered kindness

towards the people of the South, and I have manifested it on thousands of occasions. I lived among them and received generous hospitality; but at the same time if their minds are not balanced so as to reason aright, we have the right to apply the rod. So we destroyed Atlanta, and all that could be used against us there will have to be rebuilt. The question then arose in my mind how to apply the power thus entrusted by my Government so as to produce the result—the end of the war, which was all we desired; for war is only justifiable among civilized nations to produce peace. There is no other legitimate rule—except to produce peace. This is the object of war, and it is so universally acknowledged. Therefore, I had to go through Georgia, and let them see what war meant. I had the right to destroy their communications, which I did. I made them feel the consequences of war, so they will never again invite an invading army. Savannah fell, as a matter of course. Once in our power, the question then arose again, ‘What next?’ All asked, ‘what next?’ I never received my orders from anybody. I had nobody to look to but my own brain. I asked advice again and again, but I got mighty little, I can tell you, except from Grant, who is always generous and fair. No advice—no word at Savannah, save from Mr. Lincoln, who asked ‘what next?’ I told him I would tell him after awhile.

“Then came that last movement, which I do contend involved more labor and risk than anything which I have done, or ever expect to do again. I could take Charleston without going there. First, by segregating it from the rest of the country so that it could not live. Man must have something to live upon. He must go where there is something to eat, therefore I concluded to break up the railroads, so the people had to get out of Charleston or perish. Then the next thing was to place the army in Columbia, which I tell you is more of a place in the South than you are aware of. Years ago I thought Columbia would be the scene of the great and final struggle of the war. I thought our Western army would go Eastward and our Eastern army southward to Columbia, and that we would fight it out there. The people there regard it as a place of security. They sent their treasure there and their wines and liquors, which my friend Blair remembers so well. But if you place any army where the enemy say you cannot, you gain an object. All military readers will understand the principle; and therefore when I placed my army in Columbia, I fought a battle—I reaped the fruits

of a victory—bloodless, but still it produced military results. The next question was to place my army still further where I could be in communication with the old army of the Potomac—where we could destroy the life of the Confederate armies, for it seemed at one time as though they were determined to fight to the ‘last ditch.’

“So we went to Goldsboro, and then I hastened to see Mr. Lincoln and Grant for the last time. We talked the matter over and agreed perfectly. Grant was moving then. I had been fifty odd marching days on light rations. My men were shoeless and without pants, and needed clothing and rest. I hurried back to Goldsboro, and dispatched everything with as great rapidity as I could, and on the very day I appointed I started in pursuit of Johnston, let him be where he might. Now understand that in this vast campaign we had no objective point on the map; all we had to do was to pursue the Confederate armies wherever they might go and destroy them whenever we could catch them. The great difficulty was to bring them to bay. You can chase and chase a hare until the end of time but unless you bring him to bay you cannot catch him. Grant was enabled to bring Lee to bay by means of Sheridan’s cavalry. I did not have sufficient cavalry; if I had, I might have brought Johnston to bay; but with my then force I could not, because my cavalry was inferior to his in numbers. Therefore, when Lee surrendered, Johnston saw as clearly as I had seen months before, that his cause was gone. I had been thinking of it for months; therefore, when he met me and announced the fact that he was ‘gone up,’ I was prepared to receive it. It was just like a familiar song. It seemed to the North a new thing. We had expected it, and when they gave up there was an end of it, as we supposed. How did they give up, was the question; gave up, that was all. No use in fighting any longer. On what terms did they give up? I have described sufficiently clear in my official report all the conversation that took place, and all I will say is that the North seemed to be taken unawares, although every paper in the land and every county court orator had preached about peace for the last four years; yet when it came they did not recognize it. All I claim is that I was prepared for it from the start. The moment Johnston spoke to me I saw peace at once, and I was honest enough to say so, but the world was startled by it. ‘Sherman had turned traitor and Jeff Davis had bought him up with Confederate gold.’ I rather think he would

have found it a pretty hard job to have 'bought me up. Poor Davis! I know he never had gold enough to buy me, although I won't mention my price. But all that is now past and I am satisfied in my heart that we have peace. I am satisfied that by the combined armies and navies, and the citizens of the North, and many of the South, that now we have peace in the land, and what is the consequence? It is simply one stage anew in our history. We have had wars heretofore. Did we cut the throats of our enemies? Certainly not; like sensible men, when the war was over we went to work to recover what we had lost by the war, and entered on a new stage."

During the year 1865 and the spring of 1866 it fell to my lot to make the Indian campaign over the plains, and to kill a few Indians, and among them a few squaws and children—when there was a general outcry raised all over the United States, and through the Peace Commissioners the whole Indian policy was changed from war to treaties of peace; and, being desirous of retiring from the army, Sherman knowing all my plans, I wrote him in April, 1866, a personal letter, asking for a leave of absence, my resignation not having been accepted. I have no copy of my letter to him, but he understood the matter fully, for we had discussed it together, and in answer to that letter I received the following:

“HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE
MISSISSIPPI.

Major-General Dodge.

Dear General: I have your letter of April 27th, and I readily consent to what you ask. I think General Pope should be at Leavenworth before you leave, and I expected he would be at Leavenworth by May 1st, but he is not yet come. As soon as he reaches Leavenworth or St. Louis, even, I consent to your going to Omaha to begin what, I trust, will be the real beginning of the great road. I start tomorrow for Riley, whence I will cross over to Kearney by land, and thence come in to Omaha, where I hope to meet you. I will send your letter this morning to Pope's office and endorse my request that a telegraph message be sent to General Pope to the effect that he is wanted at Leavenworth. Hoping to meet you soon, I am,

Yours truly,

W. T. Sherman, M. G.”

General Sherman in his memoirs states that in the year 1849 he was sent by General Smith up to Sacramento

City to instruct Lieutenants Warner and Williamson, of the Engineers, to push their surveys of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, for the purpose of ascertaining the possibility of passing that range by a railroad, a subject that then elicited universal interest. It was generally assumed that such a road could not be made along any of the immigrant roads then in use, and Warner's orders were to look further North up the Feather River, or some of its tributaries. Warner was engaged in this survey during the summer and fall of 1849, and had explored to the very end of Goose Lake, the source of Feather River, when this officer's career was terminated by death in battle with the Indians. General Sherman was too modest to add, as was the fact, that those instructions were sent at his own suggestion; that that was the first exploring party ever sent into the field for the special purpose of ascertaining the feasibility of constructing a railway on a portion of the line of the trans-continental routes; and that the exploration preceded by at least four years the Act of Congress making appropriations "for explorations and surveys for a railroad route from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean."

On January 6, 1859, General Sherman addressed a letter to Hon. John Sherman, M.C., and made public through the "National Intelligence." It is one of the most remarkable and instructive short papers to be found in the literature of trans-continental railway construction. He gave many weighty reasons why a railway to the Pacific should be built, but thought it could not be done unless done by the nation. "It is a work of giants," he sententiously declares, "and Uncle Sam is the only giant I know who can or should grapple the subject." That paper alone, in the light of later events, would stamp its author as a far-seeing statesman and an enlightened engineer. He said: "It so happens that for the past ten years the Sierra Nevada has been crossed at every possible point by miners in search of gold, by emigrants going and coming, and by skillful and scientific men. I, myself, have been along a great part of that range, and have no hesitation in saying that there are no passes by which a railway to be travelled by the most powerful locomotion now in use can be carried through the Sierra Nevada, unless at the extreme head of the Sacramento, near the town of Shasta or Fort Reading, or at the extreme head of the San Joaquin, near the Tajon."

And now I wish to say that if there are any two men in the United States who were entitled to the credit of enabling us to construct the Union Pacific Railway, outside of those who put their money in it, and made it a success, those two men were Generals U. S. Grant and W. T. Sherman. I undertake to say that had it not been for the personal, active and always liberal co-operation of the armies under their direction, the people who built that road and faced its difficulties would have somewhere been stopped.

During all the time of construction of the Union Pacific either Grant or Sherman gave orders that anything General Dodge asked for should be given to him, because he knows under the regulations what he is entitled to. I made some requests upon military commanders that were unusual, and I said to the commanders: "I want you to obey this, and I will protect you." When the official reports of what had been done reached Sherman, he wrote me a kindly letter, but he said to me, "Don't forget not only what your duties are to the Union Pacific, but also what your conscience tells you is right towards the United States in such circumstances, and what we can approve." Of course, it was a nice, quiet, gentle reminder that they trusted me, and I had gone a little beyond what they considered was fair to their trust.

General Sherman came up to look at the first section of the road examined after I took charge of the line. If you go back and read the records you will see he was present. Major Bent, a gentleman who is now at the head of one of the greatest industries in this country, was assigned to the duty of taking care of the people who examined the road. General Sherman said to him: "Every time they build a section here I will be on hand to look at it, and see that it is properly built." Bent wagered with General Sherman a basket of champagne that he would not do it. Sherman's headquarters were in St. Louis, and we were building and examining about thirty miles of road a month. This would have brought him to examine the road about once every month; so that after we had built about one hundred miles of road he wrote to me and said: "I am not going to come up there any longer; I am ready to pay my bet." One evening only a short time before he died, at the Union League Club, he said to me: "I wish, Dodge, that you would get Bent down to New York, and I will pay that basket of champagne that I owe him." As the road progressed, as you

all know, there was hardly a mile that was not built under the protection of the United States forces. Every engineer that made its surveys had to be protected against the Indians. You also know that the men when they started to their work in the morning stacked their muskets by their work, ready to fall in at any moment in case they were attacked by Indians, and I have often known them to fall in and defend their camp.

Every year while we were building this road Sherman went over it, and I reported to him just as regularly as I did to my superior officers, telling him what I was doing and asking his advice. He saw through the papers that there was a question between myself as Chief Engineer and Mr. T. C. Durant, the chief contractor, as to the lines, and that Mr. Durant had declared against the lines that the engineers of the road had said were the true lines in a commercial and engineering point of view, and that I had sent word to the company that if the lines were not sustained I would have to resign.

I was in Utah at the time and received a dispatch from Durant dated at Laramie, to return there immediately to meet Generals Grant and Sherman. I immediately took the stage and started for Laramie. When Durant received my absolute refusal to accept the lines they had adopted, he wired to Sherman, and Sherman to Grant, and both came to Laramie, thousands of miles, showing their interest in the subject. They protested against Durant's action, and when I stepped off the stage Durant said to me: "General, I want you to withdraw your dispatch; the lines you want you may have. I am convinced that you are right." There I met Grant and Sherman, and went over with them the whole possibilities of the Union Pacific line, and told them that in my own opinion during the year 1869, with no untoward events, we would have the connection. They discussed its probabilities and possibilities, and said then and there to me: "If that is your plan, General, whatever you want you may have," and they so instructed the commander of that Department, and what I asked for I received.

I have only time to read three letters of the many General Sherman wrote me on this subject, showing his grasp of the whole problem.

"St. Louis, Jan. 5, 1867.

My Dear General Dodge: At New Orleans I received your welcome letter from New York, and I assure you, on its faith, I boasted not a little of the vast energy of our countrymen; 303 miles of the railroad finished in one

year is a feat that may well be boasted of. I assure you of my hearty congratulations, and that the greater problem of the railroad seems to be solving itself very fast.

You are exactly right in making your location independent of local influence. When I was at Denver and saw the lay of the land, I felt certain that you would locate north of that city, and said so, incidentally, but some fellow got hold of it and pitched into me. As it was none of my business, I held my tongue and counsel, but now the people there will see that though Denver is some, still it is not enough, to direct from its course the Great National Highway. I also learn with pleasure that your Eastern connection is done within twenty-two miles, and I have ordered all troops and stores for the Department of the Platte to go via Chicago, Clinton and Omaha.

The loss of Col. Fetterman's command up at Phil Kearney may disturb your people; but don't let it, for we shall persevere and push that road to Virginia City, and it will divert the attention of the hostile Sioux from your road. The point where you cross the North Platte and Fort Laramie will become great military points, and you should make arrangements with cars to land there our troops and stores. I take it for granted that you get along well with Cooke, and his Quartermaster, Myers.

I would like to know how far this side of old Camp Walbach you propose to leave the Lodge Pole. It looked to me as if you could take the divide some ten miles this side, and get up some 700 or 800 feet before you reach the Black Hills. I remember well the difficulty in California. Our first locations clung to the valleys for some thirty miles out of Sacramento, and then it was too late to rise the mountains. Whereas now, the road begins to rise at once on leaving Sacramento, so that they get up near two thousand feet before they strike the mountains. I suppose your location descends into the Laramie Plains not far from Willow Springs Station, twelve miles southeast of the new Fort Stevens (John Buford).

The coming year, for better or worse, is to be an important one to our country, and if you could, by superhuman energy, reach the foot of the mountains near Walbach, it would be a great achievement. That will be the military point for the road. North and South from that point are good by reason of the nearness of the wood, the abundant grass and water, and valleys that afford good roadways for traveling. I will do my utmost that Gen. Cooke have force enough to cover your parties absolutely, which will be easy from the forks of the Platte westward.

I came up from New Orleans by rail. Saw our old stamping ground, Jackson, Miss.; Canton, Grenada, Grand Junction and Jackson, Tenn. I feared somebody would offend me, but such was not the case. I saw any quantity of old rebels who were as polite as possible.

Wishing the great enterprise as much success in 1867 as in 1866, I am, as ever, your friend,

W. T. Sherman."

"St. Louis, January 18, 1867.

I have just read with intense interest your letter of the 14th, and though you wanted it kept to myself I believe you will sanction my sending it to General Grant for his individual perusal, to be returned to me.

It is almost a miracle to grasp your proposition to finish to Fort Sanders this year, but you have done so much that I mistrust my own judgment and accept yours.

I regard this road of yours as the solution of the Indian affairs, and of the Mormon question, and therefore give you all that I possibly can; but the demand for soldiers everywhere, and the slowness of enlistment, especially among the blacks, limits our ability to respond. Naturally each officer exaggerates his own troubles, and appeals for men; thus Ord is greatly exercised lest the blacks and whites commence a war of race, and would have four or five regiments scattered over the whole state of Arkansas to prevent local trouble. I want to punish and subdue the Indians, who are the enemies of our race and progress, but even in that it is well sometimes to proceed with due deliberation. I have now General Terry on the Upper Missouri, General Auger with you, and General Hancock just below. all young, enterprising men, fit for counsel or the field. I will endeavor to arrange so that hereafter all shall act on common principles and with a common purpose, and the first step, of course, is to arrange for the accumulation of the necessary men and materials at the right points, for which your railroad is the very thing.

M. O.

Auger will be with you before this, and you will find him prepared to second you to the utmost of his power. I want him to study his problem and call on Grant, through me, for the least force that is adequate, for we must respect the demand from other quarters. Of course, I am disposed to find fault that our soldiers are now tied up in the Southern states, but in the light they are now regarded, it would be impolitic and imprudent for me to

say so publicly. All I can do is to keep General Grant well informed, so that he may distribute his army to the best advantage for the whole country.

As to supplies, General Auger will be, and is, at liberty to control this question according to the state of facts. The staff officers at Omaha are supplied with funds, and are on the spot, authorized to buy or call for supplies from Chicago or St. Louis. Though west Iowa might supply your markets abundantly, yet if suddenly called on for millions of pounds of flour, sugar, coffee and bacon, they would jump the price, but you know we have now Quartermasters and Commissaries absolutely disinterested, and qualified to arrange this matter. I will surely be up this year many times, and will go over every rail more than once. I don't want to go to Utah until your road approaches Bridger, which cannot be this year; and I don't want Congress to bother itself about Mormon affairs until then, and the Gentiles would do well to hold their tongues and pens until it becomes feasible to act in case of laws or threats. It is nonsense now for us to send a large force there, and besides, it is impossible, and would be to the interests of the Mormons, by the prices they would exact of us for meat and bread.

Don't fail to keep in with General Auger, Myers, etc., who can be of service to you in many ways.,

W. T. Sherman, Major General.

St. Louis, May 7, 1867.

My Dear General Dodge: I have your valuable letter of April 28th, and am fully convinced that you will complete that road this season to the head of Crow Creek, and it may be, to Fort Sanders. Where the spring has been so prolonged, I think you may safely count on a late fall. I will not be surprised if you lay rails up to Christmas.

I think this year is our crisis on the plains, because every month and year will diminish the necessity for troops in the reconstructed States, and give us more and more troops for the plains, especially cavalry.

I suppose I am in for the excursion up the Mediterranean. We are advertised to sail for Gibraltar June 8, and ought to reach Marseilles July 4. We are then to cruise along the Mediterranean and Black Seas, stopping at Genoa, Leghorn, Naples, Athens, Constantinople and the Crimea (Sebastopol); then out to Smyrna, Beirout, Joppa and Alexandria, back to the coast of Spain, and out to Medina, and home in October. If you will keep

Nichols here advised, he will reach me through General Dix at Paris, and I will arrange for General Grant to telegraph me should anything of enough importance occur to call me back, in which event, I will be prepared to leave the ship and return by way of England. My Departments are now well commanded, and should any combination of the troops be necessary, General Grant will order. I would not go if I thought anything would suffer, but it is vain for me to suppose my presence necessary when General Grant freely offers to spare me. I will bear in mind your wish and will write you some letters from abroad as a keepsake, and as evidence of my personal friendship.

Wishing you and yours all possible happiness, etc.

W. T. Sherman.

The tracks were joined at Promontory on May 10, 1869, and, not forgetting what Sherman had done to make the great transcontinental line a success, I sent him a dispatch when the last spike was being driven. General Sherman answered as follows:

Washington, May 11, 1869.

General G. M. Dodge: In common with millions, I sat yesterday and heard the mystic taps of the telegraphic battery announce the nailing of the last spike in the great Pacific road. Indeed am I its friend. Yes. Yet, am I to be a part of it, for as early as 1864 I was Vice-President of the effort begun in San Francisco under the contract of Robinson, Seymour & Company. As soon as General Thomas makes certain preliminary inspections in his new command on the Pacific, I will go out and, I need not say, will have different facilities from that of 1846, when the only way to California was by sail around Cape Horn, taking our ships 196 days. All honor to you, to Durant, to Jack and Dan Casement, to Reed, and the thousands of brave fellows who have wrought out this glorious problem, spite of changes, storms, and even doubts of the incredulous, and all the obstacles you have now rapidly surmounted.

W. T. Sherman, General.

There is no one who has taken so active a part, and who has accomplished so much for the benefit of the Government, in the building of the transcontinental railroads as General Sherman. He has taken occasion to look after and to speak his mind frankly about them since their construction, and in September, 1888, in commenting upon a paper which was read before the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, upon the Transcontinental Railway, he spoke as follows:

"I need not speak to an audience such as this in praise of the historic paper just read by General Dodge. It so happened that I was, before the Civil War, during it and since, deeply interested in the great problem of a Pacific railroad. Every word of General Dodge's paper is true to my personal knowledge, and I endorse every proposition he has made.

When the Civil War was over, you must all remember that I was stationed at St. Louis, in command of all the troops on the western plains as far out as Utah. I found General Dodge as Chief Engineer of the Union Pacific Railroad, in the success of which enterprise I felt the greatest possible interest. I promised the most perfect protection by troops of the reconnoitering, surveying and construction parties; and made frequent personal visits, on horseback and in ambulance, and noticed that the heads of all the parties had been soldiers during the civil war. I firmly believe that the Civil War trained the men who built that great national highway, and, as General Dodge has so very graphically described, he could call on any body of men to 'fall in,' 'take arms, form platoons and companies,' 'deploy as skirmishers' and fight the marauding Indians just as they had learned to fight the rebels down at Atlanta. I will not claim that they were all of the Army of the Tennessee, but the heads of the parties were all, or nearly all, Union soldiers.

"I was particularly interested in that part of the paper wherein is described the discovery of the way to cross the Black Hills beyond Cheyenne. There was no Cheyenne then. They were limited by the law to 11g foot grade to the mile. Instead of following the valley of Lodge Pole Creek, as all previous engineers had done, he chose the upper or anti-clinal line, instead of the lower, or sin-clinal line. This was a stroke of genius, by which they surmounted the Rocky Mountains by a grade of eighty feet to the mile, whereas by any other route then known he would have been forced to a grade of 200 feet, or to adopt short curves through the Laramie Pass.

"The Union and Central Pacific Railroads were the pioneer transcontinental roads in America, and every man who did his part should receive all honor. Now there are five transcontinental railroads, the last the Canadian Pacific.

It so happened that two years ago, having traveled by every other, I expressed a wish to return from San Francisco eastward by the Canadian Pacific, just completed.

To my amazement, I discovered that the President of that railroad was Major W. C. Van Horne, one of our railroad men, educated in our war between Nashville and Atlanta. He was then, as now, the President of that railroad, with a salary of from \$25,000 to \$50,000, and they talked of making him a Duke. He can hold his own with any Duke I have thus far encountered. Anyhow, he acted like a Prince to me. From his office in Montreal he ordered his agent at Victoria, in British Columbia, to extend to General Sherman every possible courtesy, which was done. I had a special car for myself and daughter, Lizzie, with privilege of stopping over at any station.

"On my way eastward I met many people and heard many things of deep interest to me, and, may-be, to you. There are three mountain ranges between the Mississippi, or rather, the Missouri Valley, and the Pacific Ocean, the Rockies, the Wasatch and the Cascades. These converge to the northwest, so that in the Canadian Pacific the engineers had to meet them closer together than by our Northern Pacific or by the Central and Union.

In the first explorations the English engineers saw no escape from the conclusion that to pass these ranges from their starting point on to the Pacific, Vancouver, a magnificent port, they would have to follow the grade of Fraser River, by its west branch, to its very head, near the Henry House, and thence descend the Athabasca eastward to Winnipeg, etc. This route was about 400 miles longer than the direct line. The board of directors in Montreal then called on our United States experienced engineers, and found a man who undertook to cut across this great bend or loop.

"Instead of following the west branch of the Fraser River, he took the east branch, Thompson's, up to the Kamloops' lake. The mountains eastward seemed impassable, but he reasoned 'where there's a will there's a way.' Through brush and trees he forced his way, and found a pass in the Cascade range called Kicking Horse, where his horse had kicked him on his knee. Persevering, he, in the next or main range, observed the flight of an eagle, which did not, as usual, pass over the highest visible peak but disappeared around a point; so he followed the same course, found an unexpected break, and located a railroad with less grades than the Union Pacific, and saved a distance of four hundred miles, or twenty millions of dollars.

"In looking over the usual time-tables of the Canadian Pacific, you will find the Kicking Horse and Eagle Pass through which millions of people will travel and millions of dollars of freight will pass. All are, in part, the consequence of our Civil War, and the men it educated."

On December 21, 1884, Col. F. D. Grant informed me that he had just come from Dr. Fordyce Baker, who told him that his father could not live long; perhaps a month or two, perhaps not so long. He said that Governor Fish and Dr. Newman were the only ones that knew it. I was thunderstruck, for only the Sunday before I was at the house, and the General looked fairly well, though I knew he was much distressed.

I told Colonel Grant that Sherman was in the city, and suggested going down and telling him how sick his father was, and have him see him. We went to the Fifth Avenue Hotel and found General Sherman, who said he was in good health; was troubled some with asthma, but was full of work, attending to meetings, etc., etc. Colonel Fred said to General Sherman: "I think my father's History tells more of what you did than your own memoirs." Sherman said: "Well, when Grant writes anything we can all depend on getting the facts. When he writes and says himself what was done, and what he saw, no soddier need fear; but when others write what he does and says, it is not always so." Col. Fred said he had been having considerable trouble with the publishers or editors of the Century, who were to publish the war articles, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Wilderness and Appomattox, and that they had made his father very angry; that they wanted him to change the word rebel in his articles to confederate and the word union to federal. He said that finally General Grant wrote a short letter demanding that his articles be published as written. Fred further said that his father had written three articles, but that he did not believe he would write any more. Sherman said: "This trying to soften treason by expunging the words of the General was wrong, and that if it kept on, pretty soon the sons of Southern soldiers would consider it as much of an honor that their fathers fought under Lee as the sons of a Union General that their fathers fought under Grant: that the line of union and rebel, of loyalty and treason, should be always kept distinct." I remarked: "As long as our friends live it will, but the tendency all the time is to wipe out history, to forget it, forgive, excuse and soften, and when all the soldiers pass from this age it will be easy

to slip into the idea that one side was as good as the other. It looks as though it was that way today." Sherman said: "It was a conspiracy until Sumter was fired upon, after that it was a rebellion."

During a trip from New York to Cincinnati to attend a meeting of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, the question of the transcontinental lines came up, and Sherman expressed a wish that when the lines from Portland, Oregon, which were being connected by way of Tacoma and Seattle, and so on north to the Canadian Pacific, were completed, we could make a trip, starting from New York and going by way of California, and thence north and back by way of the Canadian Pacific, ending our trip and making the circle complete in New York. I said to him: "General, whenever that connection is made I will take a car, and we will make the trip. You shall select your party. I have never seen the Canadian Pacific, and I will wait and go with you."

A short time before he died, in 1891, he was in my office in New York, and was standing at the window looking at the grand view of New York bay. He said to me: "Dodge, have you noticed that that line between Seattle and the Canadian Pacific is nearly completed?" I answered, and said I had not, but when it was I was ready to make the trip.

I left New York a few days afterward. When I reached Omaha I received a telegram from his family, and was called back to attend his funeral, and while he lay dead in New York the connection of those lines was made. It was the only thing which he seemed to express a great desire to accomplish before he rounded up his life, and it is the regret of my life that he was unable to do so.

We see, then, that General Sherman, as a soldier, and William Tecumseh Sherman as a citizen, were distinctly two different men. Sherman as a soldier asked nothing, would take nothing except duty from his subordinates, and he gave nothing but absolute loyalty and duty to a superior. He had the good will of every man who worked under him. I know of no man who ever received an order to make a march or go into battle, but felt he would make the one successful and win the other. Sherman had the nickname in the Army of the Tennessee of the "Old Tycoon," but the soldiers knew that he protected and looked after their interests, and they knew he would take care of them.

General Sherman after the war, when he came into civil life, was one of the most generous of men. The old soldiers and commanders who served under him, he could not be too gracious to. At every opportunity he would push them to the front. At a dinner, at his club, or at his home, he had a nice way or faculty of making every soldier believe that he had done something wonderful, or he gave him the credit of having done something that would give him a standing wherever he was.

He spent a great portion of his income for the personal good of old soldiers, and no person could have traveled with him, as I have done, and see the expressions of love, sympathy and respect he received, but would value him as I do for his large generosity and great deeds after the war. And, as a statesman his writings and speeches stamp him as able to grapple with any national problem.

It seems almost impossible for us who knew him from the beginning of the war to its close, and then to have known him from the close of the war till his death, to appreciate the two distinct qualities that made him superior in each of his two lives.

The patience, the firmness, the resolution with which he pursued his difficult campaign against Johnston from Chattanooga to Atlanta constitute one of the finest achievements in history. The boldness of conception, the ingenuity of the plan, the accepting of desperate chances, in giving Lee an opportunity to crush him in his campaign from Savannah to Goldsboro, will forever give Sherman prestige as a bold, fearless, strategical commander. Upon that campaign alone I am willing to stake Sherman's reputation for all time.





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